

TAXI

An Adventure Romance
 GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
 COPYRIGHT THE BOBBE-MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

PART I.—Robert Hervey Randolph, young New York man-about-town, leaves the home of his sweetheart, Miss Van Teller, chagrined because of her refusal of his proposal of marriage. His income, \$10,000 a year, which he must surrender if a certain Miss Imogen Pamela Thornton (whom he has seen only as a small girl ten years before) is found, is not considered by the girl of his heart adequate to modern needs. In a "don't care" mood Randolph enters a taxi, unseen by the driver, and is driven to the stage door of a theater. A man he knows, Duke Beamer, induces a girl to enter the cab. Beamer, attempting to follow, is pushed back by Randolph and the cab moves on. His new acquaintance tells Randolph she is a chorus girl, and has lost her position. She is in distress, even hungry, and he takes her to his apartment. There, after lunch, a shame remark convinces him the girl in the evening Pamela Thornton. He does not tell her of her good fortune, but secures her promise to stay in the flat until the morning, and leaves her. In a whimsical mood, also realizing that the girl's reappearance has left him practically penniless, he bribes the taxi driver to let him take the job, and leaving word with the legal representative of the Thornton estate where he can find Pamela, takes up his new duties under the name of "Slim Hervey." He loves the girl, but his pride forbids him approaching her under their changed conditions.

The road to that well-known hostelry was usefully devious and fares were seldom worried as to how any particular driver set out to find this choice of needles in the haystack of the country inns that dot the landscape of Westchester and adjacent counties as long as he brought the search to a successful end somewhere this side of the pangs of hunger.

Nevertheless, had not Mr. Tremont, himself a motorist of no mean experience, been completely absorbed by the sudden discovery that he had his right arm around an entirely new world, he would have been struck inevitably by two things. First, that this was certainly not any one of the climbing roads to the Greenwood hostelry; second, that the man at the wheel knew more about losing his way in the vicinity of Manhattan and finding it again than did the combined roadmaps of the United States and its allies—supposing it to have had allies at the time. However, Mr. Tremont's absorption was not only absolute but continuous so that it held him in its inexorable grip right up to the moment of ghastly awakening and even over the edge. He was just saying, "My darling, never fear. I'm taking you to a place so quiet and so guarded that this dream which you have dreamed in an unexpected glory can flow on unbroken as long as we are true to it and to ourselves," when the cab drew up at a solemn and impressive portal.

Without leaving his seat, the cabman reached back, unlatched the door and threw it open. "Greenwood cemetery, sir," he barked.

The girl was first to grasp the words, the time and the place. "Oh!" she gasped, and in the sound of her cry Mr. Randolph could divine her whole body suddenly stiffening to a tense awakening and to the stabbing memory of the last time she had come to this still place, her heart bursting with its long farewell to all that was left of her mother.

Then came Mr. Beamer Tremont's voice in old-time familiar tones. "Greenwood cemetery! Why, you tri-



"Greenwood Cemetery, Sir," He Barked
 plicate blockhead, I said Greenwood hostelry. Of all the d—n fools! What the devil—What the h—l—What the—What—

He choked himself into a gulping martianate silence as he climbed from the cab to look in the face the sum total of all human stupidity. No sooner had he averted than Miss Van

Teller found herself in voice again. "Oh! oh!" she moaned, pressing her hands to her eyes, achingly open, "take me away from here."

"Sure, miss," said Mr. Randolph promptly, threw in his clutch and was off.

"Hi, you! D—n you! Hey! You! Driver! Confound your d—d impudence! Hey! How am I going to get home?" The first of these cries was very plainly, the last very faintly heard by Mr. Randolph. After them came down the wind something that sounded very much like the ghost of a wall of despair, but the driver paid no heed. His attention was absorbed by something quite different; the dry sob of a little heap of smoke-colored chiffon.

Detours, subterfuges and the finesse of the road-faker were swept from Randolph's mind; he made straight for the bridge and home, but long before they reached the river all sound had ceased to issue from the cab and in its stead reigned a purposeful, almost menacing silence. What was she thinking in there? What could she think? Why didn't she go right on crying and keep her mind fully occupied with that?

As they swept down the incline from the bridge into City Hall park he suddenly realized that he had been on the verge of giving himself away. He half turned his head and shouted through the speaking-slot, "What address, miss?"

Her voice came back to him from very close as though her face had been pressed to the glass in an effort to make him out. "At the corner of the Avenue and East Ninth street."

Ten minutes later he drew up his cab at the appointed spot and reached back to throw open the door, but kept his foot on the clutch release, leaving the gears in mesh, first speed ahead.

All his precautions were in vain. As he opened the cab door his coat sleeve was seized in a very determined grip and drawn inward, catching his elbow in a jiu-jitsu leverage that left him the Hobson's choice of either getting out and facing his captor or listening to his arm break. He chose to get down from his seat quickly.

"Well, Bobby," murmured Miss Van T.

Mr. Randolph attempted no evasion; he handed the lady to the curb and guided her gently toward her own door and up the high steps. "Madge," he said, "you fought a great fight to-night and when you had won you felt sorry for Tremont and surrendered. You were swept too high on the wave of the best that is in you. Promise me that you won't forget that you have won. Promise me that you will wait and take Tremont, all of him, with honor."

"What do you mean? What did you hear?" cried Miss Van T. angrily, her pale face suddenly flushing.

"From the start of the ride to the finish I heard every word," declared Mr. Randolph frankly, "and more."

"And more!" repeated the hard-pressed girl. "What do you mean by more?" She still tried to browbeat him, but remembering one incredibly long kiss, her eyes fell in the unequal battle with Bobby's and attempted to create diversion by staring at his gartered legs and heavily booted feet.

"Look up, Madge. Look at me," said Mr. Randolph and waited patiently until first her long lashes fluttered and then her lovely eyes swept slowly up to his face. "That's it," he continued as their looks met and locked.

"Let's hold that so we can't lie."

"Why should I lie if you really heard everything?" asked Miss Van T., and suddenly smiled.

"Madge, you little devil," said Mr. Randolph, suppressing an impulse to shake her, "can you think of what you've been doing and laughing?"

"Yes, I can. Just now," said Miss Van T., in little gasping phrases that to a man, especially one of Mr. Randolph's limpid nature, carried only their face value in words, but which to any woman would have read as plainly as the red-weather signal. "Look out for showers of tears followed by storm."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph solemnly.

"If you really don't realize just where you have been, let me tell you. First you flew high into clean air and you took Tremont with you. You were possessed of a vision and you made him see it, too, a mirage of those lifted places that are the altar of the mind before love. Just a mirage, an illusion of perfect happiness, which cold reason tells us we can't ever turn into reinforced concrete and plant in the yard, but which we must either forever hold as a vision or admit that love is a sordid and wingless thing."

Miss Van Teller's eyes fell from his frank gaze. Something seemed to crumble within her; she put her arms around Mr. Randolph's neck, clung to him, dropped her face against his

shoulder and sobbed, not noisily, but as one who weeps to rest.

He held her close to him and went on, his face set as though to a duty. "Then what did you do? Because he hesitated, merely hesitated at the high door of adoration, you promptly slammed it and dropped plumb straight down like that traitor archangel Johnny out of heaven into the arms of hell."

"Bobby!" cried Miss Van T., throwing back her head and struggling to release herself. "How dare you say a thing like that? How dare you be here, anyway? I hate you. I don't know how I ever could have thought I loved you. I fell, but it was into Beamer's arms, and I wish I was there right now." More sobs, convulsive ones, that shook the slim body in Mr. Randolph's embrace from twitching shoulder to tired feet.

Let the reader be startled by what's coming next it will do well to remind him that this poignant scene was staged at three o'clock in the morning on the high stoop of the Van Teller residence in East Ninth street and never left the perimeter of the door-mat which in itself presented an almost feminine contradiction, in that it bore, done in red on its face, the word "Welcome," but was nevertheless padlocked and chained to the iron railing.

Even as Miss Van Teller was sobbing her heart out and Mr. Randolph was standing in the bewilderment of one who knows he has not only taken the wrong turning but placed both his



"Break Away and Come Along of Me."

feet in a beartrap, a thick, heavy, unsympathetic voice arose from the foot of the steps.

"Here! Youse! Break away and come along of me."

Memories of a mischievous boyhood swarmed to Mr. Randolph's mind, recollections of those days when, as chief of the Madison Square gang, his ears had tingled to the cry of "Cheese it, de cop! We're pinched, fellers!" A cold sweat came out upon his brow; he slowly relaxed his grip on Miss Van T.'s person and whispered, tremulously to her to keep her nerve but hand him her lutekey.

Over his shoulder he said with forced calm, "On what charge, officer?"

"Same old dope," replied the policeman phlegmatically; "drunken, disorderly. Come along, now, or I'll want me to climb them steps so's we can all roll down together!"

During that speech Mr. Randolph made a lucky shot at the keyhole, stealthily turned the lock and opened the door. "The way's clear, Madge," he whispered. "Beat it."

"Oh, is it, Bobby, you dear," rattled Miss Van T. in a stage whisper that could be heard across the street. "I didn't mean it, really, what I do love about hating you. But I do love Beamer, Bobby, and I'll—I'll—"

"For heaven's sake, Madge," groaned Mr. Randolph, leaving sounds as of a bear starting to ravine a tree, "keep all that till New Year's."

"I was just going to say," continued Miss Van T. breathlessly but with a cold eye fixed on the cautious shadow coming up the steps, "that I'll owe it to you, Bobby. I'll owe it to you. D'you understand?"

"Sure," lied Mr. Randolph as he pushed her firmly through the door, then caught its knob, slammed it shut and turned to meet Nemesis. "Hello, Flahaharty!"

The huge policeman stopped his ponderous but sure progression and stared long and suspiciously into Mr. Randolph's face. Finally he gave a grunt of recognition. "Slim," he said to himself aloud as though somewhere within his vast bulk there were a separate monitor that had to be tipped off to the situation, "Slim Hervey."

"Sure," said Mr. Randolph, leading the way toward his wagon. "Who else did you think it was at this time o' night?"

"How did I know," demanded Mr. Flahaharty gruffly but not unpleasantly for him, "as you had taken on deliveries o' fancy dress-goods on top o' your regular line?"

He breathed heavily and allowed his eyes to protrude farther than usual in search of a thought which he sensed in the near distance. "I tell you, Slim," he finally continued, "I don't know what this burg is a-comin' to. Why, even the street kind used to have a man to take 'em home, but this here was a bit o' high-jin' stuff—me, I could see that—an' they had to give it to a cab!"

(To Be Continued)

LYRIC THEATRE

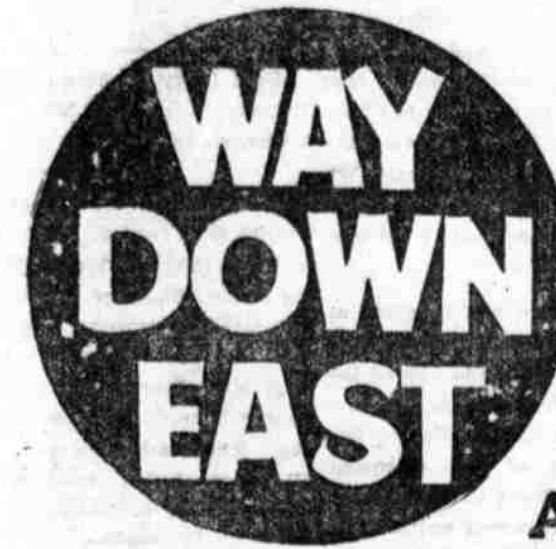
Begins Thursday, Feb. 3, at 8:15

2:15—Friday and Saturday—8:15

The Sensation of the Season. Full Metropolitan Presentation of

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

"UNEXAMPLED WONDER OF THE 20th CENTURY"—Boston Herald



"Finest I've ever seen."

—HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

"A magnificent production."

—CHARLES DANA GIBSON

"A Work of Superb Art."

—BROOKLYN TIMES

"Worth \$10.00 a Seat."

—NEW YORK HERALD

An EIGHTH ART

Combining Drama, Painting, Poetry and Music

A THRILLING PRODUCTION—Embodying The Famous Dramatic Story of the same Title, accompanied by a Selected Orchestra of 20 Symphony Players

NOTE—Owing to cost of production and ironbound contracts, "Way Down East" will never be presented anywhere except at First-Class Theatre Prices

All Seats Reserved

Mat. 25c, 50c, \$1.00

Now On Sale

Eve. 50c, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$2

ROYALTY IN "WAY DOWN EAST"

A cow was needed for some scenes in D. W. Griffith's picturization of "Way Down East," which opens at the Lyric theatre Thursday night, February 3rd, and word went forth that a gentleman farmer named Henry Lyons, near White Plains, Westchester county, New York, had some prize stock.

The property man of the studio journeyed to negotiate a loan of the dairy beauty.

"You want her for a movie," quoted Mr. Lyons. "Not that cow. She is the daughter of Lady Aberyswith Hattie by Monarch Fahrenheit. His ancestors are prize winners for six generations. I am not interested," and he turned away.

The property man having been trained in disappointed interviews, mentioned excellent care would be conferred.

"Care! It isn't the care I am worrying about and refusing for. It's that I don't want that cow in any common movie. She is class."

"We wanted her," said the property man, "for one of Mr. Griffith's productions."

"Who, D. W. Griffith? I saw some pictures he had of French cows in 'Hearts of the World.' Is this a picture like that?"

"Just as big if not bigger, twelve reels and very elaborate."

"What's the name of it?"

"Way Down East."

"Well, my cow is better looking than t'ose French cows, and it it's for Griffith, I guess you can take her along. And say, I've got a calf you ought to put in there with her."

So "Way Down East" being considered a fit vehicle for the presentation, is to show one of the finest

cows in the country in a manner fitting best cow society.

"Shibboleth."

Shibboleth has the meaning of "test" or "watchword" or distinguishing cry or phrase of a party. It was the word by which the Gileadites distinguished the fugitive Ephraimites at the fords of the Jordan. The Ephraimites were not able to pronounce sh and called the word "shibboleth" (Judges: 6-9), whereupon they were slain.

Why the Aspen Leaf Quivers.

The aspen leaf quivers easily because it is broad and placed on a long, very flexible stock. The upper part of the stalk is flattened, and, being at right angles with the leaf, is liable to be moved by the faintest breeze.

Baltic Sea Leads in Amber.

The principal source of the amber supply is the coast of the Baltic sea, more particularly in the vicinity of Konesberg. Even in ancient times this district constituted the "Kimberley" of the amber world. At this place amber, which is really a mineralized resin of extinct pine trees, is freely washed up by the sea, especially after a violent storm. The fishermen use nets, with which they draw the shallow waters.

Best Authority for Phrase.

Would-be purists in language often criticize the South for the expression "you all," but the South has the highest authority on earth for its use. Paul, in his epistle to the Philippians, wrote "you all," and no higher authority than the Bible need be looked for. Paul knew full well the strength and force of "you all."—Manufacturers' Record.

'A DOLLARS WORTH FOR A DOLLAR'

PURE LIFE, PROTECTION AT LOWEST COST

TO THE INSURED CONSISTENT WITH SAFETY AND

GOOD MANAGEMENT

Seymour KUNZ

Representative

Phone 343W

432 E. 4th N.

Logan, Utah

Guarantee Fund Life Association

Mutual Assessment Plan—Secured by Reserve

ASSETS OVER THREE MILLION DOLLARS

Rates Per \$1000 Insurance			
Age			
21	\$11.66	40	\$19.66
22	11.91	41	20.39
23	12.17	42	21.16
24	12.44	43	21.96
25	12.73	44	22.83
26	13.04	45	23.76
27	13.36	46	24.75
28	13.70	47	25.81
29	14.05	48	26.93
30	15.43	49	28.13
31	14.83	50	29.41
32	15.35	51	30.77
33	15.70	52	32.22
34	16.17	53	33.79
35	16.66	54	35.44
36	17.19	55	37.23
37	17.76	56	41.84
38	18.37	57	46.89
39	19.00	58	52.38
		59	58.40